

## Holding On

Jill Scott

It's 2am  
And I'm makin' love to a memory  
The sound of your footsteps  
Towards my bed  
Ring in my ears  
I wait you called my name  
The smell of your days work  
And your aftershave, your smile  
Your smile keeps me holding on

It's 3am  
And I'm holding on to what used to be  
Your fingers  
Tickling my palm, telling me yes please  
The arch of your back  
The stickiness of your nectar  
The shiver through our bodies  
When we arrive together

I'm still holding on,  
I'm still holding on  
I'm still

It's 5 o'clock,  
4 o'clock in the morning  
I feel so weak  
Thoughts of you are graining me  
It's 5 o'clock in the morning  
Lawd, I wish you were with me  
But you're gone, you're gone  
You're gone,  
You're gone  
I know I must sleep